THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sonnet for Saturday Afternoon.

BY E. M. WOOD.

Quanto peace it sendeth a heavy sigh!

PETRARCH.

I envy not the monarch on his throne
With crowns around him on their bended knees;
I envy not the rich man's pampered ease,
Or blended pride in things he can't call his own:
I envy not—though far beyond the joys
Of wealth and state—the heroic victor's fame,
The patriot's honors, or the hard-a-renown;
I envy nought these worthless toys above,
But oh! he is indeed supremely blessed,
Whom mind supreming on the eternal rock
Looks down across a span the faintest motion
He feels not passion's blast or fortune's shock
Nor has the power that fiels not—his the truth
Whose dream beholds the steps with angel forms!

II.

Droop not, though dark and stormy be the day
Though flouts of anguish o'er thy spirit roll
Though shapes of terror haunt thy slumbered soul,
Droop not—again will shine the blessed ray
Of peace and joy, and all thy sorrows will clear
And gild thy whole horizon with a glow
Whose lustrous depths shall whelm each cloud of woe
With beaming hope illume each shade of fear!
There is a land—a land of rest—where care
Far every little sparrow—one who knows
Whenever a hair hath fallen to the door
Tarieth not then but wrapped the human fleet.
That He doth sleep because He still forsakes
Whom will is right, whose happiness are all just!

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"I don't like that Mr. Barton, at all," said Miss Amanda, indicating the room by a motion.

"Not me either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousins?" asked Delilah, "I am sure he is handsome enough—is he not?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what, cuz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished—without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that, I say no longer"—said Emma, petulantly, "vulgar in his sense."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must agree with me, Amanda, that he is not vulgar"—and she paused, looking to her cousin's face with a winning smile, "I think he is quite refined"—more than that, I am sure—he's handsome, and many of the other gentlemen.

"Only think of"—inquiring Mr. Barton with the air of a lord—"and Mrs. Barton"—they exclaimed in one Amanda Ellis. "Why Mr. Barton is a mechanic"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "Acts like a gentleman, and is quite agreeable."

"For my part I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman as the fine men of the world as a millionaire."

"Well I declare, cousin Lide, you do have some of the funniest notions"—said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world as though a mechanic was just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters, than mechanics. It is his fault that that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants one, or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the papers?—Miss Amanda, or Emma, daughter of Jeames Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh, dear!" and the spoiled beauty (for both misses possessed great personal attractions) threw herself back upon the sofa and laughed heartily, as she did her sister.

"Well, well, girls;" said Mr. Ellis, who had been by the hall open door of the apartment, and been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "you must laugh more, lest you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband. Mark that," said the old gentleman, taking up his hat, left the apartment.

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Thinking that, ie it to be wondered at, that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the morning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their lured habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a much arch look.

"A very interesting interview, was it not?" inquired Emma, across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

"Oh! I dare say," said Emma sarcastically, "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, cuz?"

"Well, and suppose he did?" said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to the like, than to the senseless converse: The pastor's lessons, or the hard-a-renown; I envy nought these worthless toys above, But oh! he is indeed supremely blessed, Whom mind supreming on the eternal rock Looks down across a span the faintest motion He feels not passion's blast or fortune's shock But has the power that feels not—his the truth Whose dream beholds the steps with angel forms!

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

Hope.

It hope be dead, why seek to live?
For mind breathe him life to give?
Life, Youth and Love, and Beauty, too,
If hope be dead—say what to you?

Life without Hope! Oh! that is not
To live—but, day by day to rot,
With feelings cold and passions dead,
To wander over the world and tread
Upon its beauties, and to gaze
All vacant o'er the flowery maze—
Oh, then if this be life! I die ere
Who loves unless Hope has fled away?

Youth without Hope! It is cold—cold
The lightning's flash, the thunder's voice,
Yet pour forth a merry life!
Which older would have sunk, and died
Beneath the strokes their years inflicted—
But, cruel, with length of days, is left
To feel all youth and Hope bereft.

II.

Love without Hope! It cannot be!
There as a round on you said—
Reciprocal, and mutual as thine!
And know—that together love floats there.

And Beauty too—when Hope is gone,
Has not the ray of heaven shone
And been within that hortowed light,
Till, that which before was bright
Now what avails the widow lost,
The magic mirror, and the glass
Possessing eye, and glance related—
Paint semblance of a purer mind—
As a dial dies when it is swept by the sun
Points where the brightest streaks run
Alas! they now point not to be
Bestowed to mark all misery.
They speak of days lost, long gone by
Then point to nothing now—
Oh! what are we when Beauty?

Thus Life, Youth Love, and Beauty too,
Where seen without Hope's bright ning line,
All sigh in misery's undying moan,
Why seek to live, if Hope be gone?

The Genius of Burns.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON, GLASGOW.

That rich reward, the "money, wine, and hope" of Ben Johnson, which was denied to Burns in his lifetime, posterity seems inclined to compensate for by heaping, now and aggrieved millions of his works the mausoleum, the monument, and the eulogy. But, unfortunately, this is not all—only partial of that nature—for with the fame of his genius is now reverently presented; each scrap of his handwriting is dragged into print; every hasty note, the wash of the moment, the verse of song,—one and all of these relapses, if they are rolled, find their way into the collected edition of his works.

The folly has been carried much too far: it is unfair to genius to burden its fame with the weight of dulness it has created, and if the third generation of posterity is not already slacked, in time for criticism to cry Enough!

To say anything strikingly original of Burns, after Currie, Cunningham, Campbell, Wordsworth, Lockhart, and Carlyle, would seem a hopeless matter. Fope expended into a pithier line the character of Addison, drawn by Dryden in sixteen lines: a character to which succeeding writers have added more of bulk than substance—more of flimsy than texture of gold leaf than bullion. It is difficult to add by eulogy or comment to a poet's power of pleasing. When an author like Burns, writing from the heart, forces himself into the hearts of others, he has attained to true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. The hard "noble blade" of the "gentle knight"—the bloomy or the heather lesse—the lesime in the river's side—the forest where the woodlark's ringing—are no more dissimilar than the sleep dell where all day long one solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep upon the moorland hut—without any garden—the lowland cottage, where gowans glow like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead nestling its thick roof among the large sycamores that blacken on the hill-side—the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright eyes its many white cots under rustling trees—the ancient hall-house and the kirk spire erected with the pine tree that shadows its lonelier—the small, quiet, half-hidden, half-seen parish school. Will Shakspeare and Burns, there is no need of the inverted comma once in use to point attention to luxuries; but characters and colloquy may be made delightful, by the manner in which obvious excellences are brought together, and the language in which they are communicated. These are the charms of the Essay by Professor Wilson before us, in which there is nothing said, the truth of which we have not felt from boyhood, but wherein the critical feeling is often expressed with a fervent eloquence which few can reach.

The opening of the Essay is excellent:—

"Burns was Wallace: so by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the humble walks of people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland, could have produced him. And he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representation of the genius of his country. He was born a peasant, and his whole life was passed in the shade of the cottage roof. Will Shakspeare was a man of the world, and in his native genius is seen the workings of the world's wisdom. Burns was a poet, and his whole life was passed in the bosom of nature, wherever they dwelled, the effect he produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same, pursues in the hearts of other men from which it flows, the even tenor of himself, and beyond his own consent and direct concerns, he will could, but he did not much love either or long for the consideration it would not stage-loved and strong for highest flights.

But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, among the lowly herbs and brace of the streams of Ouds. It seems as if his muse were loth to submit almost any thought, feeling, longer, dissociated from the objects that in his native district—the brattlestone of her father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own quietness and profoundest sleep—the sound of the pastoral laughter of the rogues on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature sporting the day and day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedgerow tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do we see him, in his beautiful lines on affection! Often, too often, as we hear him sing sing, we think that never him suffering.' Most musical, most melancholy' was the cadence of his mercifulness! In him, also the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with frailty's kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to sighs of remorse or repentance. Wretched, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—if her, beyond all that ever was written, the greatest of all worlds, this, the most pervading, and his breathing truth."

Again:

"No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his native wood-notes wild' affect the others by the pugles of low-roofed houses, tell their hearts overflow with feelings of deep tierce love, or of social creatures, with the most enlightened in the land, and more than remarks them with, make them feel, make them think, make them live by Providence! There they see with pride the reflection of the character and exaltation of their own order. And that pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor may not the vain. They exult to know and to feel that they have been immortalized together by one of themselves—treasures of the heart, the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, so long as the world endures, or the integrity and their independence. The poor man, such as Robert Burns, weary from the long toil of his labor and regards it only as a means to an end. Under thought of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' a bald thought of 'Death and his Dart' as Wallace bled,' and a thousand other lines, he must feel that a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may be not walk an equal in the broad eye of heaven, and that his life is not his own. This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. The hard 'noble blade' of the 'gentle knight'—the bloomy or the heather lesse—the lesime in the river's side—the forest where the woodlark's ringing—are no more dissimilar than the sleep dell where all day long one solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep upon the moorland hut—without any garden—the lowland cottage, where gowans glow like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead nestling its thick roof among the large sycamores that blacken on the hill-side—the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright eyes its many white cots under rustling trees—the ancient hall-house and the kirk spire erected with the pine tree that shadows its lonelier—the small, quiet, half-hidden, half-seen parish school. Will Shakspeare and Burns, there is no need of the inverted comma once in use to point attention to luxuries; but characters and colloquy may be made delightful, by the manner in which obvious excellences are brought together, and the language in which they are communicated. These are the charms of the Essay by Professor Wilson before us, in which there is nothing said, the truth of which we have not felt from boyhood, but wherein the critical feeling is often expressed with a fervent eloquence which few can reach.

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Again:

"No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his native wood-notes wild' affect the others by the pugles of low-roofed houses, tell their hearts overflow with feelings of deep tierce love, or of social creatures, with the most enlightened in the land, and more than remarks them with, make them feel, make them think, make them live by Providence! There they see with pride the reflection of the character and exaltation of their own order. And that pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor may not the vain. They exult to know and to feel that they have been immortalized together by one of themselves—treasures of the heart, the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, so long as the world endures, or the integrity and their independence. The poor man, such as Robert Burns, weary from the long toil of his labor and regards it only as a means to an end. Under thought of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' a bald thought of 'Death and his Dart' as Wallace bled,' and a thousand other lines, he must feel that a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may be not walk an equal in the broad eye of heaven, and that his life is not his own. This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. The hard 'noble blade' of the 'gentle knight'—the bloomy or the heather lesse—the lesime in the river's side—the forest where the woodlark's ringing—are no more dissimilar than the sleep dell where all day long one solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep upon the moorland hut—without any garden—the lowland cottage, where gowans glow like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead nestling its thick roof among the large sycamores that blacken on the hill-side—the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright eyes its many white cots under rustling trees—the ancient hall-house and the kirk spire erected with the pine tree that shadows its lonelier—the small, quiet, half-hidden, half-seen parish school. Will Shakspeare and Burns, there is no need of the inverted comma once in use to point attention to luxuries; but characters and colloquy may be made delightful, by the manner in which obvious excellences are brought together, and the language in which they are communicated. These are the charms of the Essay by Professor Wilson before us, in which there is nothing said, the truth of which we have not felt from boyhood, but wherein the critical feeling is often expressed with a fervent eloquence which few can reach.

The opening of the Essay is excellent:—

"Burns was Wallace: so by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the humble walks of people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland, could have produced him. And he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representation of the genius of his country. He was born a peasant, and his whole life was passed in the shade of the cottage roof. Will Shakspeare was a man of the world, and in his native genius is seen the workings of the world's wisdom. Burns was a poet, and his whole life was passed in the bosom of nature, wherever they dwelled, the effect he produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same, pursues in the hearts of other men from which it flows, the even tenor of himself, and beyond his own consent and direct concerns, he will could, but he did not much love either or long for the consideration it would not stage-loved and strong for highest flights.

But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, among the lowly herbs and brace of the streams of Ouds. It seems as if his muse were loth to submit almost any thought, feeling, longer, dissociated from the objects that in his native district—the brattlestone of her father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own quietness and profoundest sleep—the sound of the pastoral laughter of the rogues on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature sporting the day and day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedgerow tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do we see him, in his beautiful lines on affection! Often, too often, as we hear him sing sing, we think that never him suffering.' Most musical, most melancholy' was the cadence of his mercifulness! In him, also the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with frailty's kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to sighs of remorse or repentance. Wretched, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—if her, beyond all that ever was written, the greatest of all worlds, this, the most pervading, and his breathing truth."

From the London Athenæum.

The Solitary of Juan Fernandez.

Fine day.—Pretty fair sole eyed!
Remember that the island can feel;
Though betray'd though left dwelling old
What does a lone reveal?
Myth. Above the blossoms fall apart
The expanding of the fruitful heart!

I know that I am weak and old;
And feel my cold is youthful still
Blank where the sorrow is most make roll
Where beats the summer's chill
Blossom by me, thou bright and strong,
The rock on these flows warm and strong.

I stood by one a new mourn grave
Whereon two summers never at plan
And May I stood near on the wave—
Thus with the tears was
Tide here to come—uncovered—
They were not known a mother's love.

And he who slept was all to these
And more than all to him sing me
To 2 were the last sources on the seas
Of that poor perished river.
And desire for their replay vain
Was their sweet to no! I could not speak!

Strange comfort through my heart were throngings—
Words of sweet hope—better than all—
At either's in all a mother's longing
I clasped them to my heart!
That fondness had but one alloy
To think that I must leave them.

And strange to declare I did frame
To leave their forty fastness—
To come their separate sense became—
My duty could not stay.
When, wandering with each downy cheek,
I had cried of their beauty sprang!

But they are gone—and all in pain
Of which no tongue can tell.
And these poor voice come again!
The beauty of the dead.
We only see to mourn the day
In where where those young spirits are!

From the Rural life of England.

Gipsies.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

CONTINUED.

All hail to British Barrymore!
We kindred Rhinebeckites all hail!
A jocund and marauding band,
Against the evidence of the land
We go and go prevail.

Many scattered bits of under ye Barts,
Where ye have left your mark,
Where ye have left your name,
Remind us of your former fame,
Your haunts your only guide.
Ye three-fingered Kate, Ye Adam Hoyer.

Since writing as far, I have visited Kirk-Yetholme, and can testify to the correctness of these details. It was on June, 1836, that I was at that place, and found the whole of the gipsy encampment thronged. The tribe was there, according to their regular custom, encamping, probably for off on the banks of the Scotland, or to the green lanes of England; and their business, to the number of about a score, stood along one side of the village, all in a line, with closed shutters, and doors duly secured with boards, or locked or nailed up.—We asked to whom they belonged, and were told that they were the Faas, Boswells, Argyll, Travellers' houses. They had a strange look of desolation that cast the peopled village. Along the lane that leads to the neighboring hills extended a strip of land, divided into small gardens, in which there were houses, in which were growing their crops of corn and potatoes, left till their return to their homes, and the forbearance of their neighbors; and we were assured that the tribe would not make their appearance here till the crops were ready to house, when they would come and get them in, and then away again till the setting in of winter. We found the land between them and the village divided and kept up as belly as ever, and likely to continue so, from the peculiar location of the land alone spoken of, on which they claim to have their homes. Although a mile from the village for a region of pastoral hills, most beautiful in their greenness and fullness. They are covered from side to summit with the softest and finest turf, and their hillmet slopes are dotted with flocks. In the very midst of these hills, hidden and sheltered from the road, rises the one which the gipsies and other inhabitants of Yetholme call the Yetholmes. The gipsies of course drive their horses up to their own hill, and nothing is more natural than that wing little pastoral hill should produce all the herbage that it could, and the moment they feed the horses inexpensively, should drive them out into the lane leading to the village, and feed them on the green lane. This also is expected by the gipsies, and the moment the horses make their appearance at the village, the gipsies drive them back again to their hill. Here is perpetual food for resentment and hostility, and in such a height does it sometimes rise, that a gentleman of Kelso informed me that he has seen at Yetholme wood fair such affray between the gipsies and the shepherds as would make Donny brook fair look tame.

We found a Well Fair still the reputed king of the tribe. He was an old man, having none of the common features of the gipsy—but Border features, with a fine eye and high nose. His daughter-in-law was the black eyed and swarthy skin; but Will had all the proprietaries of the gipsy, except that of encamping; something of the Arabian appeared in his face, and the haziness of his life. We were told that in an affray with the common officers he had defended a narrow bridge against them with one hand, Caudle Castle, while his party made their escape, and had stood fighting singly with his cudgel, till a gun was drawn by the officers of the others to "run across bridge," and till he finally got a cut across the arm which disabled him—Worn we asked him of the truth of this story, his gray eye kindled up into a wild fire, and the swaying out his two arms together, he shouted on, with a supernatural gesture, that one was still at least two inches longer than the other. Old Will Faa had risen into great importance through the writings of Sir Walter Scott. He told us that Sir Martin Archer Shee had been down to take his likeness. He was in daily receipt at the houses of the neighboring nobility and gentry to exhibit feats for them, being intimately acquainted with all the steward of the country round, and all the arts of taking his time out of them. Will, therefore, is sure to be found either by the side of one of the trout streams, or in the kitchen of some of the neighboring halls, telling his exploits and drinking his health. He was, when we met him at with the tribe, was said to be the belle of the camp; a true gipsy beauty, dark and "wed fa'ured."

Such is the present state of the gipsies of England and Scotland. Their numbers are evidently everywhere on the decrease; yet what do remain in England retain all their characteristics. These characteristics have never been more accurately delineated than by Richard Howitt, in her piece of the "Gipsy King," in the Metropolitan Magazine for June 1836. The groups preceding to the coronation of their king are living:

Now come on groups the gipsy tribes,
From every nation their southern phrase!
And many a possessed one as an equine
The could that ne'er is stopping
Along the flowery lane.

Short men are found in struggling tall,
Where men are found in great and tame:
Keen tawdry laughter rings still
Whilst many in countenance is such
From many a tanking dense.

There beauty lasts no another strained—
The one black gipsy eye of rude gaze;
Their squalid traits are slung behind,
In cloaks that to the wind,
Of scarlet, brown, and gray.

The king himself is distinguished by none less than that are the full body, but which I never recollect seeing elsewhere introduced.

The thanking hat on bent none.
The crown whereon the king was crowned
Wherein a pipe and a corn's feather
Were stuck in following together.
Worn as a tandard round his forehead.

He regrets was a most out, saying,
Round which a snake were carved was wreathed
Crossing and straight that said together.
Which from her frame, as those as one.

Behind the table stalked.

His forehead was the solid earth.
His court spread out in gipsy leather lane.
The heath scorpion of a mighty tree
His empire bound the British isles.
His dome was the ancient archer's sun.
And from his temples bold and bare.
Fell his long ringlets grey.
As liberal as the wilderness
His ample cloak of dark.

Like Cromwell's was his hasty front.
Where thought and feeling none was shown;
Where unseen as feeling grave.
Was firmly hard up in his face.
A hardness of stillness.

They are not to be confounded with a tribe of wandering pedlers, who live in tents like them.—The true gipsy will scarcely distinguished by their inveterate jet black hair, black sparkling eyes, Indian complexions, and their genuine sensual language. They are the extensive bodies of Surrey, since my residence on that county, I have met with frequent camps of them. In the midland counties, although there is less waste land,

distant from the tent. Near to the rest of the party he observed a little swarthy girl about eight years of age, on her knees praying, while her little cheek upon ran down with tears. Distressed at the sight, he was surprised by hearing her saying, for in had a heart which melted at heaven were, "What my child, is the cause of your weeping?" he asked in a tone of voice softened by pity. The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees; and pointing to the east, said,—"Oh sir, my dying mother!" "What!" said the surprised stranger, starting, and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, "what, my child! tell me all about it." The little creature now had the full ring in her tones; where lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female gipsy in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visiter, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; the stranger at length had caused the gipsy's mother's cord was bend, and she asked broken at the sisters. The little girl then wept aloud, and stooping down, wiped the dying sinner from her mother's features. The king, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment another gipsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been to the town of W——, and brought some medicine for the dying mother. Observing a stranger, she curtsied modestly, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. "What, then, child," said the stranger, "can be done for you?" "O, sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to W——, and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come until one to pray with my mother is dying. The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much animated. The ray was upon with the rich smile of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them. "Fear not, my child," said he, "I am sent by one to instruct and comfort your mother." He then sate down on a pack by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the efficacy of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather considerable strength, and her eye sparkled with brightness and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the farewell smile of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

"It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him, came in search, and had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted gipsies. It was an affecting sight, and worthy of everlasting record on the annals of kings.

"He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L——— was going to speak, but his majesty, turning to the gipsy girls, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said, with strong emotion,—"Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?"

Gipsies at Fashion.

An incident which occurred to me in the summer of 1837, showed me most strikingly how next to impossible it is for the peculiar characteristics and customs of the English gipsies to be personated. In an evening drive on the 27th of July, with a young friend staying with me, on the road between Stockbridge and Andover, we met a caravan of gipsies, and from the number of dirty little children scattered by the wayside, for to had a heart which melted at heaven were. "What my child, is the cause of your weeping?" he asked in a tone of voice softened by pity. The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees; and pointing to the east, said,—"Oh sir, my dying mother!" "What!" said the surprised stranger, starting, and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, "what, my child! tell me all about it." The little creature now had the full ring in her tones; where lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female gipsy in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visiter, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; the stranger at length had caused the gipsy's mother's cord was bend, and she asked broken at the sisters. The little girl then wept aloud, and stooping down, wiped the dying sinner from her mother's features. The king, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment another gipsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been to the town of W——, and brought some medicine for the dying mother. Observing a stranger, she curtsied modestly, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. "What, then, child," said the stranger, "can be done for you?" "O, sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to W——, and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come until one to pray with my mother is dying. The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much animated. The ray was upon with the rich smile of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them. "Fear not, my child," said he, "I am sent by one to instruct and comfort your mother." He then sate down on a pack by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the efficacy of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather considerable strength, and her eye sparkled with brightness and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the farewell smile of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

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Saturday Evening Post.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Second and Dock Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenance of our subscribers at any time.

FAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and periodical publication, during the year 1841, we have contracted premiums for the present year, as follows:

For $6 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post THREE YEARS to one subscriber, or to THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

For $6 we will forward the Saturday Evening Post and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, EMBELLISHED WITH ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SPLENDIDLY ENGRAVED PLATES, and SPLENDIDLY embellished with original MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVINGS on steel, and COLORED FASHION'S MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Saturday Evening Post, to one address.

For $10 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE copies of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canada.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, and one gratuitously from the paper. Or SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

SINGLE COPIES of the Magazine $3 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE PAID UP. Letters containing money, addressed to NOONE, unless they deal directly with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ The safest way for subscribers at a distance to remit money is to enclose it, and close it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bags. IT IS FREE.

as we scarcely miss a letter in a year at this office, if we do we notify the loss, and the works are immediately forwarded.

The Resumption.

The Resumption has taken place, and Philadelphia is once more a specie-paying city. The act has been long called for by the public, of both parties, and a measure of temporary movement has for some time been made.

As early as Wednesday week, the U. S. Bank began to pay specie, but the crowd was so dense for it until Friday, the day appointed for Resumption, when, at an early hour, a large crowd began to collect in front of that institution, mostly, however, with sums of a small amount. The noteholders appeared generally to consist of those desirous of obtaining change, though some came on their first return, and the large amounts they presented, that they neither suspected the sul. The gipsy mother nothing of it. She has a large gown,—a long red cloak—a handkerchief tied over her head, it is true, but upon it a lage flapped bonnet with lace trimmings, and a black velvet bad:—instead of that fairy form, she is generally strapping, tall, and strong—and instead of those dark eyes, and that raven hair, she has a countenance dance down the four-and-twenty hours, she has her lower limbs arrayed in black stockings and most shoes laid on. Now, I should, beforehand, have expected a closer personation of the gipsy: but the result only proves the difficulty of the attempt. It must, however be confessed, that this was a decent, and quiet exhibition as one could desire to meet with.

Boxing Room Chit Chat.

Barbekue are doubtless often exceedingly interested in the conversation of young ladies over their sewing, the delightful little technicalities of sewing phraseology are so profoundly and interestingly inexplicable. A plough boy listening to a scholastic disputation on Greek, may know just as much about what is going forward as a belle sitting in a back parlor, when young ladies are playing the sewing game. "What is a gusset?" whispered a young beau, then take the gusset and fasten it up with a stomacher?" Now, what can such terms mean? What is a "gusset?" What is a "stomacher?" "Hem-stitch!" "Run the gore?" What is a *love stitch?* and what is a gore? Are there any such words in the lexicon of the English language? Ought women to be allowed the use of such an unknown tongue? Why is it dangerous? Who knows what conspiracies and rebellions they may contrive and arrange without reach of our ears, before our faces, under our very noses, by means of this unintelligible and mystic tongue. If secret institutions are supposed to be dangerous to society, what are we to think of such an influence as this? Gracious powers! Our wives and daughters discoursing beside us in sounds that convey no meaning to our ears! A silent female conspiracy clashing, and we not to understand one word of the conversation! Is it not time to look into the subject and see how far this dangerous practice may be carried with danger? Why, at this very moment, who knows but the whole female race is about to rise and revolution the whole male race! Under the new administration we hope to see this subject investigated. These women should be looked to. They should be made to tell what they mean by 'poplin,' 'gussets' and 'gores,' and 'stomachers,' and other unchristian words that no honest man can comprehend—'Cutting bias' may mean cutting throats for all we know. In the name of common sense, let us understand by 'herring bone stitches?' What subtle mischief may there not be at the bottom of this? Let us be seen to in the name of safety let the women be 'opinioned'—*N. O. Pic.*

Beautiful Retreat.

Go out beneath the arched bowers in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, "There is no God!" Pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above will reproach you for your unbroken dark sense of intellect—every tree that floats upon the night winds will lament your utter hopelessness and despair—its leaves will whisper to you, "Fool!" declared one word of the conversation! Is it not time to look into the subject and see how far this dangerous practice may be carried with danger? Why, at this very moment, who knows but the whole female race is about to rise and revolution the whole male race! Under the new administration we hope to see this subject investigated. These women should be looked to. They should be made to tell what they mean by 'poplin,' 'gussets' and 'gores,' and 'stomachers,' and other unchristian words that no honest man can comprehend—'Cutting bias' may mean cutting throats for all we know. In the name of common sense, let us understand by 'herring bone stitches?' What subtle mischief may there not be at the bottom of this? Let us be seen to in the name of safety let the women be 'opinioned'—*N. O. Pic.*

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By these scandalous means he obtained fifteen more signatures, making altogether thirty-one. Still, however, the fraud was not consummated. The form of the petition, with names, was required. The agent was told at Washington that a majority of the clerks must sign the treaty. The latter was accordingly again presented to the old convalescent practice of introducing the chiefs was again adopted, and so far was he successful that he obtained the requisite number to constitute a majority—an event considered by the majority was wanting. In this continued game of fraud, the agent had gone on to his last card, and he now found himself foiled in every attempt to consummate the treaty by bribery or intimidation. What was to be done? A new expedient was his spec, or last as it was novel. A force is acted, which would be ridiculous if it had not been attended by such fatal consequences. In short, since nothing on the requisite number to constitute a majority—are created under the great seal of this Land Company, and with the signatures of the new made plenipotentiaries framing of the bill of the document, this long desired treaty is sent on to Washington.

But the Seneca were not thus to be duped. They had a counsel—a barrister, prepared the evidence to support their assertions, and procured an attorney, who, for the honor of the profession, ought to be enrolled in her, to act as Washington as their advocate. This creature, however, meeting with the agent of the Land Company, and being accompanied by all the documents, and the deputation of Senecas accompanying him were forced to return and procure duplicates.

While this was going on, the agent was determined to allow the Senecas no repose, this, their last effort, was followed up by a disappointment, as he was unable to procure the treaty had been referred to the Commitee on Indian affairs, and a report unfavorable to it presented to the Senate—a measure adopted, of the Senate, see, reporting in favor of the treaty. But this latter report was one day unexpectedly brought up, smuggled through the Senate, by the casting vote of the presiding officer, when scarcely two-thirds of the members were in their seats,—and the finishing stone thus put to as base a piece of fraud as was ever attempted by any agents, or sanctioned by a deceived Legislature.

The whole history of this transaction is one of the most shameful that ever disgraced humanity, and displays, from its beginning to the close, the most scandalous disregard of justice. We could not have believed, had not the history been made public, that men could have been found base enough, in this age and country, to perpetrate such an outrage.

The Seneca Indians have no resort left them but tamely to submit to their wrongs, or refuse to leave the soil of their ancestors and appeal to the national courts of justice. This, we hope they will do. We hope it, not only that they may obtain their rights, but that the world may see the laws of American justice is still unsullied—that the shield which our fathers cast around the laws, the constitution, and the eternal rights of right is yet amply able to protect the weak.

The D'Hauteville Case.

As early as Wednesday week, the U. S. Bank began to pay specie, but the crowd was so dense for it until Friday, the day appointed for Resumption, when, at an early hour, a large crowd began to collect in front of that institution, mostly, however, with sums of a small amount. The noteholders appeared generally to consist of those desirous of obtaining change, though some came on their first return, and the large amounts they presented, that they neither suspected the sul. The gipsy mother nothing of it. She has a large gown,—a long red cloak—a handkerchief tied over her head, it is true, but upon it a lage flapped bonnet with lace trimmings, and a black velvet bad:—instead of that fairy form, she is generally strapping, tall, and strong—and instead of those dark eyes, and that raven hair, she has a countenance dance down the four-and-twenty hours, she has her lower limbs arrayed in black stockings and most shoes laid on. Now, I should, beforehand, have expected a closer personation of the gipsy: but the result only proves the difficulty of the attempt. It must, however be confessed, that this was a decent, and quiet exhibition as one could desire to meet with.

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New Publications.

—YOUNG'S CENTRAL UNITED STATES, 1841,"—*H. Young, 139 Second Street, Philadelphia.* This is a very valuable volume, containing a geographical, historical and statistical view of the central and Middle United States; containing extensive tables of the population, agriculture, progress of improvement, form of government, civil divisions and internal improvements, of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, the District of Columbia and parts of New York and other adjoining States: together with the proceedings of the Whig Young Men's Conventions, Whig Meetings, Whig Villages, public buildings, objects of curiosity, Literary, Scientific, and other Institutions, &c. &c. It is a valuable work for the Whig party, and contains a great amount of useful information. The experiences of the author is a sure guarantee of the correctness of his statistics, and the accuracy of his maps, and also descriptions of the popular places of resort in large cities. To any traveller it is invaluable.

THE LADY'S BOOK, *for February*, is an excellent number, and is beautiful as ever. The fashions present a manifest improvement, and the steel plate engraving is one of much value. The publication office is the City of Nisgara.

The literary contents of the book, for this month, are various and amusing. Some beautiful tales adorn its pages, and the "Editor's Table" is continued. Our editorial brother, A. McMakin, Esq. has a pretty piece of poetry in this number, and also an excellent moral tale.

THE MAGAZINE OF HORTICULTURE, BOTANY, &c.—The title of this periodical sufficiently indicates its character. To the practical botanist, or horticulturist, it must be valuable. The Magazine is edited by C. M. Hovey, of Boston, and published by subscribers at $3 a year. Subscriptions received in this city, by Mr. H. M. Dreer, Seedsman, No. 97 Chestnut street.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.—We received the first two numbers of a periodical of this name, made up wholly of the contributions of the factory girls of Lowell. The Will say—we how that we cannot make fairness!

MANUAL OF HEALTH.—We have received the first number of a paper thus named, published under the auspices of the N. American College of Health. It is a desirable periodical.

THE MEDICAL MAGAZINE.—This periodical is published at Boston, and, from the number before us, appears to be got up in excellent style. Price $2.50 per annum.

Remarkable Escape.

The late Freebets, furnished some instances of remarkable deliverances from death, one of which we record below, as it is of recent occurrence. The subject was Mr. Geo. B. Fell, Merchant, at Centre Bridge:

—He was last standing on that portion of the Centre Bridge which was undermined and went down the river, but was so fortunate as to regain a position on the fabric about the water. Aware of his perilous situation, he immediately set to work to make a platform of floating timber, separate from the wreck generated. In the mean time, his son and neighbors mounted on horse, and went down the river to give the alarm and procure assistance. At New Hope, *Car* miles below Centre Bridge, they approached the bridge on his frail bark, a few yards in advance of the arch of the other bridge. Here Nathan Northorough, and another individual whose name we have not learned, at the imminent peril of their lives, left the Pennsylvania shore in a boat to assist Mr. Fell, but the current was so rapid that they were barely able to reach the wreck.

There is one thing in which the reviewer—to speak of him in the cant of his profession—"trenches out of the common." Mr. Secret has a talent for humor. There was no call for this. If the reviewer objected to the derision of the court, he ought to have confined himself to argument, and not to have indulged the irritating levity that if cannot be disguised. Of obtaining change, though some came on their first return, and the large amounts they presented, that they neither suspected the sul. The gipsy mother nothing of it. She has a large gown,—a long red cloak—a handkerchief tied over her head, it is true, but upon it a lage flapped bonnet with lace trimmings, and a black velvet bad:—instead of that fairy form, she is generally strapping, tall, and strong—and instead of those dark eyes, and that raven hair, she has a countenance dance down the four-and-twenty hours, she has her lower limbs arrayed in black stockings and most shoes laid on. Now, I should, beforehand, have expected a closer personation of the gipsy: but the result only proves the difficulty of the attempt. It must, however be confessed, that this was a decent, and quiet exhibition as one could desire to meet with.

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A Reported Pirate.

Our readers will recollect that, some two years since, during the excitement respecting the "long, low black schooner," which was said to be filled with strange accounts of one Mitchell, a dark, daring, suspicious character, who figured in our newspapers as a pirate, and who, by his ill acquisition of being, or having been, a boonster. Well, he has again turned up, and the journals seem to be filled with "reminiscences" of this romantic and extraordinary personage.

An expedition was recently fitted out in Baltimore for the purpose of procuring a large quantity of money, alledged by Mitchell to have been buried somewhere in the Bahamas. The story of the money was not generally believed but a few adventurers agreed to charter a pilot boat and accompany him to the spot, taking the precaution to arm themselves to the teeth. The expedition failed in its object, and the parties lost their time and the expense of the voyage. They have since attended with Mitchell for deceiving them, that they refused to bring him back to Savannah until he got upon his knees and begged for pardon. It is thought that he intended to get them to Savannah and the coast the black flag. The account that is published of him says that he recently married a young and respectable lady in the English province, when Jones left her to the tender mercies of her own relatives. The papers there do not hesitate to designate him as a pirate.

A Rich Joneses.

The London Times announces that the will of Sarah Friedbury, a Jewess, has been lately proved in that city. The personal property of this lady has been sworn under £150,000, and the real property of £1,350 has been paid on the probate, independent of the legacy duty of 3 per cent, on nearly £80,000, bequeathed to Mrs. Phillips, a sister of the deceased,) which will amount to nearly £3,000 more. Among the various bequests under the will, mentioned in the probate, is one of £1,000 for her executors, to be distributed in three winter months, on the Sabbath day, £100; to the Chief Rabbi, £300; and to each of her other executors £100. The deceased was extremely charitable whilst living, and her loss by the poor will be deeply felt.

Singular Occurrence.

On Monday last, says the Hollidaysburg (Pa) Register, Mr. Charles Myers, of Allegheny township, took his axe and went into the woods to cut blocks for sled runners. As he did not return home by the next day, his family became alarmed and set out in search for him. After searching through the woods for a considerable time, he was found lying dead within a few yards of the place where he had been cutting wood. It appeared that a tree had been blown down by the wind, and had been cutting, which struck him on the side of the head and disabled him; he must have made a great effort to reach home, as there were at least three distinct impressions in the snow, where he had risen and fallen until finally overcome. Mr. M. was a man of sober habits, much respected, and has left a large family to mourn his loss.

Appalling.

The Clermont Eagle states that a daughter of Mr. Wm. Murphy, of Ohio, about 17 years of age, was riding to attend a ball on Thursday last, with a young man named Anderson, when in passing a place where the stream had been much swollen by the recent rains, the vehicle was accidentally precipitated into the water and swept down the stream. Mr. Anderson while in the water caught hold of the young lady's cloak, but unfortunately gave way, and was himself carried

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Financial Record.

The Counterfeits.

Salem Banking Company, Salem, N. J.—Vig. letter B, payable to E. Ware, dated 1st of Jan. 1839; Jno. Elwell, cashier; Calvin Belden, Prest. Paper dark and thick. Engraving, particularly the lettering, faint and imperfect.

Commercial Bank, New Orleans, Le.—50's. spurious. Vignette on left end, a female feeding an eagle.

Farmers' Bank of the City of Troy, Troy, N. Y.—$5's payable at the Mechanics' Bank, N. Y. Signed F. Wells, cashier; G. Corning, President. Vignette, Mercury—Ship under sail. On right end Commerce with bales of goods, &c. and the full length figure of Washington. Engravers name not on the note.

Bank of Janesville, N. Y.—5's letter A, pay to J. O. Bennett, April 4, 1839. A. D. Gridley, cashier; J. W. James, President. Filling up and Cashier's name engraved. Miserably executed.

Bank of the United States.—10's letter B, new plate, dated Jan. 12, 1839.—Ibid. Reported.

BANK OF VIRGINIA.—Mr. Brockenbrough has been elected President of this planted Institution, as we are informed, by an endorsement on the Richmond Star of the 16th inst.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—Marshals—Barrington Anthony, for the District of Rhode Island. Thomas D. Carr, for the District of Virginia. Benjamin Control Tom Eyck, for the District of Michigan.

Promotions.—Lieut. Samuel H. Bell, to be a Commander in the Navy from September 10, 1840. Daniel B. Ridgely to be a Lieutenant in the Navy from September 10, 1840. Edward Colehour, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy from October 26, 1840. Edward Colehour, to be a Surgeon in the Navy from September 17, 1840. John A. Lockwood, to be a Purser in the Navy from October 13, 1840. Levi Twiggs, to be a Major in the Marine Corps from October 13, 1840. Lieut. Charles Cantield, to be a Captain in the Marine Corps from November 1, 1840. Thomas T. Sloan, to be a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from October 13, 1840. Lieut. Hall, to be a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from November 12, 1840.

Appointments.—Lieut. F. H. Magee, to be an Assistant Surgeon in the Navy from October 13, 1840. Jos. Hopkinson, to be a Purser in the Navy from October 13, 1840. John Thornly, to be an Assistant Surgeon in the Navy from October 13, 1840. Daniel L. Brodie, to be an Assistant Surgeon in the Navy from October 13, 1840. Robert Tansill, to be a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from November 1, 1840. Lieut. John Judah, to be a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from November 15, 1840. W. B. Nevin, to be Surgeon of the Navy Hospital at the City of Washington, and for the Navy Department, for four years from October 8, 1840. George Johnson, to be Navy Agent for the port of Pensacola, Florida, for four years from December 28, 1840.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—Alexander H. Pegram, of Maryland, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Bahia, in the place of Samuel Mc-Roberts, resigned. *Collectors of the Customs*—Richard Sands, at Annapolis, Md. reappointed from January 8, 1841. William L. Ballinger, at Galena, Ill. reappointed from January 9, 1841. Edwin J. Kelso, Presque Isle Pa. reappointed from January 9, 1841.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Legislature of South Carolina, adjourned on Tuesday morning last. A bill for the establishment of Common Schools was passed authorizing an appropriation by the State of $100,000, with power to raise a like sum by tax, if they shall think proper.

LOUISIANA.—A proposition is before the Legislature of this State to call a convention of the people, for the purpose of altering the constitution, so as to render its features more democratic, by extending the lective franchise and making several appointed offices elective.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Legislature have elected the Hon Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, a Senator in Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. John Davis and also for the term of ten years from the 4th of March next.

A Tax has been levied in Cincinnati, Ohio, on merchants have ascertained that John Fairfield and Ed ward Kent have received an equal number of votes for Governor—the result is consequently a tie, and there is without precedent.

RESCRIPTION IN GEORGIA.—The Governor of Georgia has issued his proclamation, in accordance with the law of the last session, requiring the banks to resume specie payments on the first day of February next.

NEW MOVEMENT.—A proposition has been made in the Legislature of New York, to amend the constitution of that State, by striking from it the provision which requires the Governor and Senators to be freeholders.

GENERAL TODAY.—The Legislature of Alabama have appointed the 3d for the election of Congressmen by general ticket. The election will commence on the 2d to 12, in the House, 48 to 45. The election takes place next August.

SENATORS IN DELAWARE.—The Delaware Legislature have elected the Hon. Thomas Clayton and the Hon. Richard H. Bayard Senators in Congress for that State, to represent that State in the Senate of the Union.

THE DECLINED.—The appointment of H. Stanley Benson from Tennessee, in place of Mr. Grundy was offered by Gov. Polk to Wm. Carroll and Gen. W. Campbell, and declined by both of them.

ONE TRIB.—The Legislature of Indiana has passed a joint resolution in favor of such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as would debar the President from re-election.

GOVERNOR OF MAINE.—Edward Kent, Whig, was elected Governor of the State, by the Senate of Maine, on the 15th instant, there being no choice of the people.

MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR.—Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, is nominated, and will probably be elected to take the place of John Davis.

OHIO.—The Legislature of Ohio are about to establish a State Bank of issue, with a capital sufficient for the growing means of the State.

TO EXTEND IT.—The New Orleans Bulletin says a strong effort will be made this session of the Louisiana Legislature to extend the right of suffrage.

THE LEGISLATURE of Michigan convened at Detroit on the 5th inst.

THE LEGISLATURE of New Jersey assembled at Trenton on Wednesday.

General News.

A DESPERATE DEATH.—In the Cornfield Statesman of Thursday last it is stated that Major J. Webster, of Wayne County, was killed in the following dreadful manner—He was attending the distillery of Mr. Holcomb, and on the morning of the 20th ult. went to the mill to do some grinding. The water wheel, which was 18 feet in diameter, was clogged with ice, and after an ineffectual attempt to start the mill, by letting on the water, he leaned the spur wheel and went into the wheel house to cut away the ice; while engaged in this business, the bearing gave way, and the wheel suddenly started, precipitating Mr. Webster into the wheel upon the rough ice frozen upon the lining, in this situation, aided by the rapid motion of the wheel, he continued for about 30 or 30 minutes, when his cries were heard, and he was rescued from his perilous situation, but in such a bruised and mangled condition that he only survived in great agony about 10 hours.

A TRUE STORY.—A country paper tells the following tough story of an accident that occurred in its vicinity:

Mr. O. Whipple was in the woods about three-fourths of a mile from his house, chopping down a tree, when the tree broke, and a splinter flew into his eye. Mr. W. on the leg below the knee, severed it entirely from his body. Mr. Whipple fell and was not aware of the loss of his leg until he attempted to assist himself to walk. He then took up his leg and his axe and started for home. He went about four rods, and finding that it was full difficult to travel, he cut a pole, and took his axe and dismembered limb behind, travelled, and with a little difficulty he regard a most drowning age. He rallied to the man, who went to him with his team and carried him home.

MORE FRONTIER TROUBLES.—Two fishing parties from Canada, on the boundary line, recently met on the ice on Lake Memphremagog, when a quarrel occurred between an individual of each on the old patriot question, which soon led to a general fight. The party from Derby, Vermont, vanquished their opponents, and the Canadians called new forces after their defeat, and threatened to burn the house of one of the most obnoxious "Patriots" on the lake. The Sheriff of the Township called out the individual threatened, armed themselves and prepared to defend him, and were reinforced by the "old Veteran" at the date of our information.

MURDER IN TEXAS.—A planter residing near Stone Town, Texas, by the name of George Partelow, was murdered on the 20th ult. by his own negroes. While punishing one for some misdemeanors, the other came stealthily behind him with an axe, and struck a blow on the head, which stretched him to the ground; she continued to repeat her blows until she was certain his untimely death. She then carried his body to a tree in the field, where they were burning brush, and for three days and nights kept a constant fire around it. It was observed at the individuals being interred, suspicion was aroused, and after some search some portion of the body was found. The negroes, on being questioned, confessed their guilt. They are now in custody at Milam.

A CONFIRMED SCOUNDREL.—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, a young American who was lately arrested in London for larceny, appears to be a consummate villain. A few years ago he was in Texas and robbed a man once of $1000. The person robbed thought another young man of the theft, who challenged his supposed antagonist. Shooting he has no skill. A duel was fought, at which the real thief saw his principal killed by his own bravery. On being subsequently detected in the fraud, he fled, whence he will no doubt be shipped to Botany Bay.

THE WANT OF A LANTERN.—On the 30th inst., the barn of Mr Harlow Smith of Cameron, Steuben county, N. Y. was destroyed by fire with its contents. A fine span of horses, a valuable yoke of oxen and two calves, a large quantity of hay, grain, and all the farming utensils were consumed, and after some search some portion of the body was found. The negroes, on being questioned, confessed their guilt. They are now in custody at Milam.

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MURDER.—Mr. Thomas Nevill, living on the upper part of Queen Ann's County, Md., died a few days since from the effects of a severe gunshot wound by his father Mr. Jonathan Nevill. Reportage, that the old man was trying to get his son home to attend court next morning, and that in defending himself the father cut him.

THE BROKEN VOW.—In Boston, a day or so ago, a young man was sent to the Asylum deranged. A terrible cause, and whose sorrow was occasioned by her having taken a vow not to drink ardent spirits, and having indeed adhered to it during the week to break it. She was not a drunkard. How soon will the weakness of her sex!

ENTERPRISE.—The Springfield Ill. Journal, states that a company has been formed for building and running a steamboat on the Rock River, and that a ship is now contracted for, to be built at Utica, the running summer, to run as a direct trader between $5,000.

GOOD SAILING.—A letter from an officer of the U. S. frigate Macedonian, states that on a blow during the last cruise of said ship, she made 240 miles in 24 hours, under close reefed topsails, courses, and topgallant sails.

GREAT BLOW.—A York City paper of the 24th November, says a violent gale about the first of the month, caused the entire destruction of three vessels on the coast of Peru, on the Pacific shore, by which were Mexico, and one foreign. Five lives were lost.

A THRILLING ACCIDENT.—A man named Peter Hart, employed on the Pennsylvania railroad planing factory near Holmesburg, had his left arm caught in the machinery, and before relieved was completely deprived of it, wife and seven children depending on him for support.

FIRE IN NEW YORK.—A fire occurred on Wednesday week, in the second story of a large building corner of Nassau and Spruce streets. The upper story was occupied by Mr. Walker, one of the most extensive, valuable and best bookstores in the city.

WHISKEY INSURRECTION.—In Worcester Territory they have refused to go to the polls for the whiskey distillers. But law, says the mullets shall, and prosecutions have commenced, and there is quite an excitement about it.

FROM CANADA.—The Quebec Gazette of the first inst. says that He Excellency, the Governor General, has positively declared that he will not remove any of the troops recently sent, by his orders, to the Madawaska territory.

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FROM CANADA.—The Quebec Gazette of the first inst. says that He Excellency, the Governor General, has positively declared that he will not remove any of the troops recently sent, by his orders, to the Madawaska territory.

DEATH FROM NEGLIGENCE.—An inquest was held in New York on Monday last, on the body of Martha Taylor, a recent emigrant from England, who died under distressing circumstances. The evidence adduced during a passage of fifty-eight days. She was a widow of Derbyshire, and aged 50.

ROBBERY AT SEA.—Three of the crew of the ship James Edmonds of New York, were arrested in New Orleans charged with robbery after arrival in the latter city, for having robbed one of the passengers of some jewelry during the voyage.

HANDS HOUSE.—A late English paper states that a new gin-house, capable of ginning 1,000 bales per day, has been erected in Liverpool, and on Saturday two of his sons took possession of it, and commenced work.

CRIMINAL SUMMARY.—James L. Pigg has been sentenced in Rankin county, Miss. to four years on penitentiary, and to stand in the pillory one hour, a number of Norsemen, which was one of the most distinguished deeds of the kind on record.

A TRUE BILL.—The grand jury of the exchange office of J. Collins Lee, of Baltimore, was broken open on Friday evening last, and robbed of money, stocks and other valuables, to the amount of between $3 and $4,000.

LOAN COMPLETION.—The United States Bank has succeeded in negotiating the remainder of the loan, which makes in all, nearly $5,000,000 to her credit in London.

MORE SALT.—A salt spring has been found in Jefferson county, Indiana, from which excellent salt has been manufactured.

WOLF SCALPS.—Ohio paid the past year $1,136 for catching and skinning the nose of three varmints.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.—The news from Texas is highly important. An armistice by Mexico seems to be certainly fixed upon. The Mexican Government has negotiated a loan of three millions to carry on the expedition; two of which are to be appropriated to the purchase of steamships, to act against the Texan navy; the balance to be expended in the land campaign.—The acting Vice President of Texas, in communicating intelligence of this design to Congress, recommends that active measures be immediately taken, not merely to repel the contemplated invasion, but to carry the war into the enemy's territory. He says that to all their overtures for a pacific adjustment of their difficulties have been rejected, and an appeal to arms forced upon them by Mexico, and therefore they must be considered, and concludes his message with this warlike and prophetic declaration, "Texas Proper is bestded by the Sabine and Rio Grande, which they will never cross until its proper owner."

STANDING ARMY OF NEW YORK.—The militia of the State of New York number 182,000 men; of these there are 9,082 Artillerists—7,236 Dragoons and Horse, 6,000 Riflemen—127,521 of the Infantry, and 2,226 attached to Flank Companies. This is a handsome standing force and will be found very useful in case of war. Let it be remembered by herself" about the North-eastern frontier. The editor of the New York Farmer is authority, and he says that he asserts that it is "some thousands more than the whole force of both armies, engaged on the field of Waterloo." The Napoleonic contest did not exceed 70,000 men, and the Allies with 120,000. At noon of that day, the defeated Allies were mortified to be informed by Below's division of, we think, 60,000 men, and again, at night ordeals in the evening, they were saved from a similar fate by the arrival of Blucher.

SOMETHING ROMANTIC.—The St. Louis Republican relates a singular incident. Two ladies residing in Illinois, on their way home in the evening, were met by a party of Indians, who were demanding their money. In handing it to him the wind caught the bills and carried them some distance off. The man dismounted to pick them up and the ladies rode off as quick as possible. When they arrived at their seat gate they found the robber's horse had followed them, having swamped while he was after the bills. A large amount of money was found in the saddle bags, but nothing whereby the owner could be identified.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Newburyport Herald states that Mr. Enoch Wells, of Amesbury, Mass. who was employed in the large factory of the Salisbury Manufacturing Company, was instantly killed there on Wednesday evening last, by the bursting of a "Picker" ring. The wheel was revolving, and when taking a notion to examine it, he found it loaded with ball. Another point which was to have been discharged at Mr. Adams who was also found loaded with ball! When the points were first loaded, they simply contained powder. Who is the would be murderer?

FROZEN UP.—The New York Herald of Tuesday, says the Superior which left Falkhill on Sunday evening, for New York with passengers and the northern mail, was frozen in, in the ice opposite Point Peter, on neither get up nor down. The Kosciusko, attempted to reach her, but did not succeed. She has no fuel on board, and perhaps nothing to eat. The names it had for the passengers.

OUR MINISTER IN ENGLAND.—The Richmond Enquirer says that Mr Van Buren has not acceded to the request of Mr Stevenson, as Minister at St James, that he may be recalled, but, in consequence of the late session of the House of Lords, when taking action on the subject of the Caroline, has deemed it proper that Mr Stevenson to remain in England until a successor shall be appointed and has left Washington.

MARINE DISASTER.—The brig Hasbe, Captain Flanner, from Mobile for Baltimore, came in contact with the brig Hannah Smith, Mc Alaskey, on the night of 30th ult., by which the schooner's masts were carried away and her hull much injured. The crew were taken from the vessel, by the brig Hasbe and carried to Baltimore. Both the vessels belonged to the same place and the same owner.

THE MAIL ROBBER.—Judge Ewing has fixed the bail of Dr. Bradley, charged with robbing the mail near Uniontown, Pa. at $100,000. Dr Bradley was once taken from the mail, by the celebrated "Mail Jackie". Efforts are making by the Doctor to obtain testimony from Ohio, to prove that he will be innocent. If innocent, he will be taken to Pittsburgh, to answer his trial at the next term of the United States District Court.

SHOOTING.—Mr. Thomas Nevill, living on the upper part of Queen Ann's County, Md., died a few days since from the effects of a severe gunshot wound by his father Mr. Jonathan Nevill. Reportage, that the old man was trying to get his son home to attend court next morning, and that in defending himself the father cut him.

ANOTHER SHOOTING.—A little daughter of Mr. Lewis Mosck, of Wilmington, Del., between four and five years of age, was burnt to death on Saturday night last. She was left alone for a few minutes by her mother, when she got upon a table on which a lamp was standing and set fire to her clothing

THE GARRISH.—Hopes are still entertained of getting this vessel off the coast where she now is ashore. All of the goods have been taken out of her and conveyed to New York in safety. The steamer is about to pump her free of water, when it is expected she will float over the bar.

SMOKING THEM OUT.—The three persons arrested last month on suspicion of killing and robbing a number of Indians, attempted to break out a few days since by setting fire to the jail. They were discovered before they could hurt themselves, and nearly suffocate themselves.

SMALL PAY.—The *Senate* has made its appearance at Tuscumbia, Rockland county, in this State. It prefaced there last fall, and, it is supposed, has been retarded by the want of bedding belonging to persons attacked at that time.

PIRACY.—The brig Royal Albert was boarded in November last, by the crew of a Spanish privateer schooner, and robbed of $1,000 in cash, $2,000 in goods, and all the money and most of the clothing on board.

COUNTERFEIT.—$20 notes on the Bank of the U. S. seen plate are in circulation. They may be easily detected by observing the heads of the border, which are unevenly executed.

THE CREEK PLATE CASE.—The Paris papers announce the death of M de la Bacchonnaise, the celebrated lawyer to the heirs of the late Duke of Orleans, who successfully conducted the suit against the Duke of Nemours.

A DEMONSTRATION.—Two companies of U. States troops have been ordered to Sandy Hook, from Fort Columbus. This movement is attributed to an anticipated attempt of the Canadians to release the prisoners.

DEATH.—At a special party in Boston the other evening, there were present two recently married couples, whose united ages amounted to 375 years.

COTTON.—The total exports of cotton from Mobile, this season, foreign and coastwise, amount to 30,000 bales

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Two women were frozen to death, in the streets, in New York on Tuesday night.

A Complete Wreck.

The master of a Baltimore merchant ship, the Argyle, arrived safely in that city a few days since, on his passage from Cadiz to Valparaiso, near the latter port, he had fallen in with a dismasted China-built ship, with a full cargo of tea on board. After the men were taken off, Capt. Codman of the Argyle sent a boat to examine the wreck.

The boat returned to the Argyle—the wreck—her mast had been carried away by the deck, her rudder entirely gone, her bulwarks and boats washed away, and in short of her, were in good health, and we have since learned from the Captain of the Argyle, that the vessel, the wreck, after being dismasted, that they left one of the small Islands of Japan to go to a neighboring port for repairs. In the course of a few days a terrific Typhoon, a tree hour-vent of port, and never was land afterwards. Nor was but a small counting pass-on-the-river. Every other soul was lost.

Knowing nothing of navigation, effects of currents or winds, it appears that they had—landing in the night, or hopes of falling in with the mast in a steady on a N. E. and S. W. direction, while the wreck was drifting northerly and westerly. Accordingly, then lasted to the East than they could sail North, so that while they held their latitudes they were driven to the West, and when they could, on falls, they were driven to the East.

They have been visited by the Governor and many other official personages.

The Execution of Mercer.

The execution of James Mercer, the colored man recently convicted of murder, took place in the yard of the jail of Fredericksburg, Va. on Friday week, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Since the sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner he made full confession of his crime, and said that he was prompted to its commission by a desire to revenge himself for injuries done to his wife by the deceased, and perfectly resigned to his fate. At twenty-five minutes before two o'clock he was brought out of his cell, and walked with a firm step and composed air to the platform, where he joined in prayer with the Rev. Thos. Allen and three colored clergymen, and remained in silent but fervent communication with his God, until within two minutes of 2 o'clock, when he was launched into the "dread unknown." He struggled violently for ten minutes and being tall built past rare, when his body was cut down and delivered to the surgeons, agreeably to his sentence. The galvanic experiments were superintended by Dr. J. S. Mc-Intt, assisted by Doctors Combs, Daniel, Bodie and Skipp.

Boston Promotion.

FRANCIS, Dictator of Patagonia, died on the 30th of September last, and was succeeded by a junta of five members of the Legislature, who assumed the powers of Government much as the Doctor did about thirty years ago, quite precipitously. Some of our papers are quite laudatory in their remarks upon the deffunct despot, and one says "He did no private wrongs, except for the public good. Like most tyrants he was cowardly, and lived in constant dread of the people he governed, and so thoroughly was he convinced of his obnoxiousness, that he never ate other than the plainest food, and not even that until it had been tasted in his presence; or fear of being poisoned, and never permitted any one to approach him with a cloak on, and even then obliged them to exhibit their open palms, in order that he might be satisfied of their lack of weapons. His house was always strictly and strongly guarded, and he never dared to enter on parturient without first procuring a permit. Upon one occasion a beggar woman at his gate, he retired hastily from his window and ordered her to be instantly removed or shot, imagining her to be an assassin in disguise. He feared, when too late to retract, that in overthrowing the Jesuits he had made a host of enemies, and with the aid that to making himself odious to others he had created himself. He did some good, it is true, but principal patriotism, popularity and the love of country were not so booming he lived and died, as all despots must, hated and unhappy.

Accident.

A most melon-holy accident happened in the town of Big Flats, Chemung county, one day last week. The circumstance was related to the driver of the machine, operating upon the railroad, when he was under a full head of steam, when some part of the machinery gave way, and the engine was thrown out of the rail road broken in several places. The velocity of the engine previously, had carried the driver and fireman with the speed of thought, and one of them in its course struck a young man, a laborer on the road, just above the top of the high fence, and carried it away. He gave one groan, and a companion standing by, had the melancholy duty to perform of picking up the body of the ground before he expired. We could not learn his name but understood he was from Orange county, and had been employed on the road but a few days. The accident had happened a moment sooner the consequences must have been still more dreadful, as a number of the hands had been watching the progress of the machine, had left the ground but an instant before.—Some of the persons injured were standing on the platform of the locomotive, and fortunately escaped with but slight injuries.—Steuben Republican.

Shocking Accident.

The Claremont, New Hampshire Eagle states that a most shocking and fatal occurrence happened in the town of Alstead, on that State, on Thursday evening of last week. The rain, it will be recollected, was very heavy, and the streams were much swollen. A young lady, about 17 years of age, a daughter of Mr. William Morphy, of Alstead, was riding in a ball, in company with a young man by the name of Bell, in one horse carriage, and on coming to a place where the road had been washed away by the rain, the horse accidentally precipitated into the water and swept violently down the stream!

Mr. Andrews made such a bold, skillfully, succeeded in saving himself, and after alarming the village, the horse and carriage were also rescued from the water, but the young lady was lost. Her body was found Mr. A. while he was in the water, and he caught hold of her cloak, but it unfortunately gave way. She was found the next day by Mr. Miller near the bridge, where the accident occurred, a mangled corpse! The body of the young lady was conveyed to her father's house.

No blame is attached to Mr. Anderson, as it is believed to have been a totally unavoidable accident. There is something very shocking in the story.

Awful Tragedy.

We learn that a man and his wife, named Hebert, committed suicide in New York on Thursday last, by poisoning themselves. We have not learned the particulars of this tragic occurrence it seems that Mr. Hegar was Mr. H.'s second wife, and that for some time past there was considerable difficulty between them on account of a son of Mr. H.'s by his previous marriage—Mrs. Hegar not wishing her step-son to live on the same house with her. Words passed, when Mrs. Hegar declared that she would die, and Mr. Hegar declared that he did not wish to live any longer, and then very deliberately took a loaded musket, and shot himself through the head, and his wife, on which he lodged, and discharged the contents into his left side. It took effect fatally and immediately. As soon as the deed was committed Mrs. Hegar shot herself through the left breast, she took a dose of prussic acid, and in a few moments her lifeless body was stretched along side of her husband. The unhappy and unfortunate pair were natives of Ireland, and well advanced in years.

NON-ARRIVAL.—The Ship Mary Ann, Capt. Hoop, Mon. Mobile, for Liverpool, has not arrived.

Bed Cages, Bed Posts Cords, and other Beds of the best quality supplied by the 50 or 100 at short notice.

T. BOTTMAN and WESTERN merchants dealing in Beds will be supplied by the 50 or 100 at short notice.

PHILIP PHILIPS, Beadstone.

JAMES BOYD, Bedstead Maker, Chestnut.

Philip Philips, Beadstone.

JAMES BOYD, Bedstead Maker, Chestnut.

Bedsteads of all kinds, Cots, Cribs, &c. &c. may be satisfactorily attended to through the purchaser will be

THE OPIO.

Expiry's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Pray the Printer.
Original "*Long Time Ago.*"

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Storms of hail—and snow—and sleet—
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer.

Let him warm his hands and feet.

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Whitening every hill and dale;
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Send your money by the mail.

Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
When and take your name treble!
Ah! your Printer!—Ah! your Printer!—
Your subscribers frolic all
In the winter, in the winter,
But we're think of you at all!

THE METHOD OF THE POETS.—In the city, well known to every body, if they can find out the name—a poetical genius was hauled up before a poetical magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following interesting dialogue ensued :—

Magistrate.—Is your name John Jay?

Prisoner.—Yes, your honor, so the people say.

Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl, and raised the clamor?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.

Mag.—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris.—No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.

Mag.—Be off, you scamp, get out of my sight.

Pris.—Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

A DERBY.
A dandy at a ball he would
Be a young lady's tie could.
But as he can't, does all he can
To show that he is not a man.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.—In a well known house in this city, the rendezvous of foreigners, as well as English and Irish, a Frenchman thought to amuse the company at the expense of an intelligent and good humored Swiss. "Your country man," said he, "never under all European Monarchs." "It is true," replied the Swiss, "we are poor, and we fight for that which we most stand in need of—money or pay, call it as you will; but," said he to the Frenchman, "what do you fight for?" "*Honor*," exclaimed the impetuous Frenchman. "Well, then," said the Swiss, "we both, of course, fight for what we stand in need of most—*we for money, you for honor.*"

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE RUSTIC.—Anthony Collins, who has generally been considered a Free-thinker, one day met a plain countryman going to church. "Where are you going?" said the philosopher. "To church, sir. "What to do there?" "To worship God, sir." "Pray is your God great or little?" "He is both, sir." "How can that be?" "He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and he is so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterward declared, that this simple observation of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes he had perused, written by the learned doctors.

CONSOLATION.—A resident on the banks of the Tees having lost his wife, a neighbor dropped in to condole with him, and, to his surprise, found him hard at work emptying a hogs'd of brick, little less capacious than a washhand basin. "Oh, Tommy Tyson!" exclaimed the consoler, "to see all this clear earn for thy poor wife that's dead and gone!" Tommy dropped his spoon, and, looking up with tears in his eyes and hook on his beard, replied, "Ralph, Ralph! an're been cryin' all t' marnin,' and when an's stopped my breath an'll be cryin' agean—what maist would then be?"

CROMWELL.—When Oliver Cromwell, accompanied by his Secretary Thurloe, once went to dine with the Lord Mayor, the populace rent the air with their congratulations, and the streets echoed with "Long live my Lord Protector" "Your Highness," said the Secretary, "may see by this that you have the voice of the people as well as the voice of God with you." "As to God," observed Cromwell, "we will not talk here about him: but for the populace, they would just be as noisy and perhaps more respected if you and I were going to be hanged."

TIME TO GET UP.—Grattan, the celebrated Irish Barrister, was indefatigably industrious. He was so anxious not to lose a moment in sleep, which in his opinion ought to be devoted to study, that he contrived a singular apparatus to rouse him regularly at day break. A small barrel filled with water was placed over a basin, which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, and the cock of it was sufficiently turned to fill the basin by day light: that if he did not rise, the water flowed upon his person and bedding.

A MONEY REMEDY.—Last week the landlord of an artist in Chestnut called upon his tenant for his rent. This Tippitary painter excused himself, but said he had a job which, when finished, would discharge his debt. The landlord asked him what the job was. The artist said it was a sign, ordered by a neighboring tavern—a *Fiend and the Devil*, for a beer-shop in Chestnut, adding, "I will ask Father Mooney to stand for the fiend, *if you, sir, will be kind enough to sit for the latter gentleman.*"

AN AMBITIOUS PUP.—"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with a long-eared friend, to Counsellor Grananty. "Miss Glass," replied the knavish barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge—"by the bye which man beats a woman, I should often become intoxicated could I get such glass to my lips?" The counsellor fell from his horse in a fit of laughter, and the old man completely recover till he had been thrice hiled in the right arm.

INSINUATIVE.—When Buckingham, the celebrated French actress, died, a person not an old man who was one of most virtuous friends. He was pale, confused, and stricken. Every one was trying to console him: but in vain. "Her loss, he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it, she died without leaving me any thing in her will —I, who have *denied* her *all* during the last *nine hundred times a week for thirty years.*"

A HISTORIAN OF THE DAY.—There is a preacher in Chicago, Ill. nightly holding forth to large audiences, and giving, as he says, "a history of the devil." The Democrat says that he and his flock are entirely convinced of his thorough acquaintance with the subject.

CRITICISM.—An author, recently criticised in the Edinburgh Review, in a furious passion said to a friend, that "he desired of all things to write down that journal." "Then write in it," was the *considerate response* of his friend.

PRETTY KEEN.—"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble."

"A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerries, remarks, that all the crew were saved, except *four hogsheads of tobacco.*"

Hanging Major Monsoon.

"Exactly so; and then I got a great shock about that time, that affected *my opinion* for a considerable while."

"Indeed, Major! some illness?"

"No, I was quite well; but—Lord! how thirsty it makes me to think of it! my throat is absolutely parched,—I was near being hanged!"

"Hanged!"

"Yes. Upon my life its true—very horrible, isn't it? It had a great effect upon my nervous system; and they never thought of any little pension to me, as a remuneration for my sufferings."

"I don't quite understand you, Major Monsoon."

"Why Arthur Wellesley himself; none other, Charley."

"Oh, it was a mistake, Major, of a joke."

"It was devilish near being a practical though. I'll tell you how it occurred. After the battle of Vimeira, the brigade to which I was attached had their head-quarters at San Pietro, a large country house, where all the church plate for miles around was stored up for safety. A sergeant's guard was accordingly stationed over the refectory, and every precaution taken to prevent pillage, Sir Arthur himself having given particular orders on the subject. Well, somehow,—I never could find out how,—but leaving the place, all the wagons of our brigade had got some trifling articles of small value scattered, as it might be, among their stores—gold cups, silver candlesticks, Virgin Marys, ivory crucifixes, saints' eyes set in topazes, and martyrs' toes in silver fingers, and a hundred other similar things.

"One of these confounded bullock-cars broke down just at the angle of the road where the commander-in-chief was standing with his staff to watch the troops defile, and out rolled among broad rations and salt beef a whole avalanche of precious relics and church ornaments. Every one stood aghast! Never was there such a terrible tune. No one endeavored to repair the mishap; but all looked on in terrified amazement as to what was to follow.

"Who has the command of this detachment?" shouted out Sir Arthur, in a voice that made more than one of us tremble.

"I have, sir," replied the single gentleman, drawing the arm of Kit's mother more tightly within his own, for she came nearer to faint at the sight, pointing with his finger to be spoken—"the staff one of this regiment should be put a stop to." And with these words he rode leisurely away, as if he had been merely ordering dinner for a small party.

"Just then I came up to the place, the halberts were fixed, and Gromor, with a company of the fusiliers, under arms beside them.

"Is there worry for it, Dan?" said he. "It's confoundedly unpleasant; but can't be helped. We've got orders to see you hanged."

"Faith, it does just on that," tapping his snuff-box as he spoke, and looking carelessly about him. Now, had it not been for the fixed bayonets and the present marshal, I'd not have believed him; but one glance at them, and another at the bullock-cart with all the lady images, told me more what had happened.

"He only means to frighten me a little. Isn't that all, Gromor" cried I, in a supplicating tone.

"Very possible, Major,' said he: 'but I other cannot my orders.'

"You'll surely not——" faltered Smith, for I'm not Mackinnon, cantering smartly. 'Going to hang old Monsoon; eh, Gromor. What fun!'

"'Ain't it, though?' said I, half blubbering.

"Well, if you're a good Catholic, you may have your choice of a saint, for, by Jupiter, there's a strong muster of them here! This cruel old son was made in reference to the gold and silver effigies that lay scattered about the highway.

"'Dan,' said I, in a whisper, 'intercede for me—do, like a good, kind fellow. You have influence with Sir Arthur.'

"'You old sinner,' said he: 'it's useless.'

"'Dan, I'll forgive you the fifteen pounds.'

"'That you owe me, said Dan, laughing.

"While I stay for the father to pray for me here Who'll mix your punch with burnt Madeira when I'm gone?' said I.

"'Well, really, I am sorry for you, Monsoon—I say, Gromor, don't tuck him up for a few minutes; I'll speak for the old villain, and if I succeed, I'll wave my handkerchief.'

"Well, away went Dan at a full gallop. Gromor now sat down on a bank, and I fidgetted about in no very enviable frame of mind, the confounded priest and friar trying all the while——

"'I can only give you five minutes more, Major,' said Gromor, placing his watch beside him on the grass: 'I said I'd speak a little, and only three or four of Solomon's proverbs, when again called out——' There, you see it won't do: Sir Arthur is looking for his head.'

"'What's that waving yonder?'

"'The colors of the 6th foot.—Come, Major, off with your stock.'

"'Where is Dan now—what is he doing?—for I could see nothing myself.

"'Prevent me!' said I.

"'Good forgive them!' was the response.

"'Time's up,' said Gromor, jumping up and replacing his watch in his pocket.

"'Prevent me!' said I.

"'Eh! what's that?—there, I see it waving: there's a shout, too.'

"'Up, Sir Arthur, to it at will; you've saved that time, Major—that's the signal.'

"So saying, Gromor forced his fellows in line and resumed his stately quite easily, leaving me to my own reflections, which—a Frenchman and the Devil, for a beer-shop in Clonmel, adding, "I will ask Father Mooney to stand for the friar, *if you, sir, will be kind enough to sit for the latter gentleman.*"

"Dan was quite correct, and I loudly, thankingly forgive him. long-eared friend, Grananty. "Miss Glass," replied the knavish barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge—"by the bye which man beats a woman, I should often become intoxicated could I get such glass to my lips?" The counsellor fell from his horse in a fit of laughter, and the old man completely recover till he had been thrice hiled in the right arm.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

"The world has gone mad, I think," said the single gentleman, pressing through the concourse with his supposed bride. "Stand back here, will you? and let me knock."

Anything that makes a noise is satisfactory to a crowd. A score of dirty hands were raised directly to knock the door, and a score of knocker of equal powers been made to produce more deafening sounds than this particular engine on the occasion could possibly do. Disappointed these voluntary services, the throng modestly retired a little, preferring that the single gentleman should knock for himself, and so he did.

"Now sir, what do you want?" said a man with a large white bow at his buttonhole, opening the door, and confronting him with a very stout aspect.

"Who has been married here, my friend?" was the single gentleman.

"I here."

"You! and to whom in the devil's name?"

"What right have you to ask?" returned the bridegroom, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What right?" cried the single gentleman, drawing the arm of Kit's mother more tightly within his own, for she came nearer to faint at the sight of such rudeness, and looking like one of white dress came running to the door, and supported herself upon the bridegroom's arm.

"Faith, it does just on that," tapping his snuff-box as he spoke, and looking carelessly about him. Now, had it not been for the fixed bayonets and the present marshal, I'd not have believed him; but one glance at them, and another at the bullock-cart with all the lady images, told me more what had happened.

"He only means to frighten me a little. Isn't that all, Gromor" cried I, in a supplicating tone.

"Very possible, Major,' said he: 'but I other cannot my orders.'

"You'll surely not——" faltered Smith, for I'm not Mackinnon, cantering smartly. 'Going to hang old Monsoon; eh, Gromor. What fun!'

"'Ain't it, though?' said I, half blubbering.

"Well, if you're a good Catholic, you may have your choice of a saint, for, by Jupiter, there's a strong muster of them here! This cruel old son was made in reference to the gold and silver effigies that lay scattered about the highway.

"'Dan,' said I, in a whisper, 'intercede for me—do, like a good, kind fellow. You have influence with Sir Arthur.'

"'You old sinner,' said he: 'it's useless.'

"'Dan, I'll forgive you the fifteen pounds.'

"'That you owe me, said Dan, laughing.

"While I stay for the father to pray for me here Who'll mix your punch with burnt Madeira when I'm gone?' said I.

"'Well, really, I am sorry for you, Monsoon—I say, Gromor, don't tuck him up for a few minutes; I'll speak for the old villain, and if I succeed, I'll wave my handkerchief.'

"Well, away went Dan at a full gallop. Gromor now sat down on a bank, and I fidgetted about in no very enviable frame of mind, the confounded priest and friar trying all the while——

"'I can only give you five minutes more, Major,' said Gromor, placing his watch beside him on the grass: 'I said I'd speak a little, and only three or four of Solomon's proverbs, when again called out——' There, you see it won't do: Sir Arthur is looking for his head.'

"'What's that waving yonder?'

"'The colors of the 6th foot.—Come, Major, off with your stock.'

"'Where is Dan now—what is he doing?—for I could see nothing myself.

"'Prevent me!' said I.

"'Good forgive them!' was the response.

"'Time's up,' said Gromor, jumping up and replacing his watch in his pocket.

"'Prevent me!' said I.

"'Eh! what's that?—there, I see it waving: there's a shout, too.'

"'Up, Sir Arthur, to it at will; you've saved that time, Major—that's the signal.'

"So saying, Gromor forced his fellows in line and resumed his stately quite easily, leaving me to my own reflections, which—a Frenchman and the Devil, for a beer-shop in Clonmel, adding, "I will ask Father Mooney to stand for the friar, *if you, sir, will be kind enough to sit for the latter gentleman.*"

"Dan was quite correct, and I loudly, thankingly forgive him. long-eared friend, Grananty. "Miss Glass," replied the knavish barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge—"by the bye which man beats a woman, I should often become intoxicated could I get such glass to my lips?" The counsellor fell from his horse in a fit of laughter, and the old man completely recover till he had been thrice hiled in the right arm.

"Excellent, excellent," said